

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.



Puck

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MAYOR SMITH ELY WEAKENS ON HIMSELF.

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RUSSIA'S GENEROSITY.

THE Great Russian Bear is gloating over the signal success he has achieved, and is now occupied in making up his mind what to do with the spoils—that is, when he gets them.

The Bear is neither an honorable nor a generous individual, and the misgoverned provinces of Turkey who are likely to be at his tender mercies will find themselves out of the frying-pan into the fire.

All the satisfaction that Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Bulgaria will get out of Russia will be the same kind of treatment that the brutal Bear administered to Poland and Circassia.

PUCK hasn't forgotten this, although the memory of some of his contemporaries, who have Russia on the brain, is lamentably short in this respect.

There is nothing—absolutely nothing to command the admiration of Americans in Russia, or Russian Institutions.

The so-called sympathy that is said to exist, is nothing more than an indirect Slap by some soreheads at Great Britain, who, with her enormous interests at stake, will not permit semi-barbarous Russia to play ducks and drakes with her Eastern Empire, so dearly bought.

As for Turkey, no man in his senses looks upon her with anything but contempt, but Russia, who makes so many pretensions to civilization, is even less entitled to respect.

ELY AGAINST ELY.

MAYOR ELY bids fair to prove the most inefficient of the numerous apologies for municipal officers with which our city continues to be inflicted.

He does not appear to know his own mind for five consecutive minutes.

All the talk about a new and proper order of things under his administration has vanished into thin air.

There ought to have been no question as to the immediate dismissal of the Police Commissioners.

They had proved their utter incompetency for their position, and no course was left but to send them about their business.

In a case of this kind to hear what they had to say in their defense was worse than useless.

What extraordinary pressure has been brought to bear that this sapient Mayor of ours finds that there is no fault to be found with these Jacks in office?

To an intelligent foreigner the examination

of our wonderful system of city government would afford a most interesting study, if he could only manage to understand the principles on which it is conducted. We confess that we do not know, and despair of ever being able to.

The spectacle of the Mayor of the most important city on this continent, making serious and well founded charges against his subordinates, and then quietly taking them all back without turning a hair, is certainly amusing in the extreme.

Without depreciating ourselves as a nation, we doubt if such a thing could occur anywhere else but in the United States.

We might also say a great deal about the Mayor and his Excise Commissioners—but *cui bono?*

The situation may be summed up in a few words. The chief magistrate is grossly ignorant of the laws governing his position, and what is more will not take the necessary trouble to become acquainted with their provisions.

The sooner Mayor Ely "steps down and out" the better it will be for New York. Possibly he means well—but his best friends cannot but admit that he is an egregious failure.

In the face of this painful state of things, we must begin to look upon the prospect of good government for the city of New York as almost hopeless.

Puckerings.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR MURPHY can hardly be called a small potato.

WHICH is the best street in New York for a dancing school? Wall street, of course.

ANOTHER big broker named Bonner
Forgot his engagements to honor;
Although gilt-edged rated,
He re-hypothecated,
And now is that broker a goner.

AT the next session of the legislature we shall hear the clerk reading "A Nack entitled a Nack to authorize the building of a parlor extension to Sing Sing prison, for the special use of high-toned defaulters." The standard of high-tonedness will be fixed at \$1,000,000.

WHEN you hear the invalid's voice saying: "Bridget, bring a gallon of water and two goblets, and a tea-spoon," you may stake your reputation that there is a homœopathic doctor in the house, and that he is going to resort to desperate remedies, and administer the ten-thousandth part of a grain of magnesia, by way of stamping out the disease and generally toning up the system.

MR. JOHN WELSH's purchase of a diorama and a stereopticon, for presentation to the city of Philadelphia, has impelled someone to quote from Mark Twain to the effect that our Minister to England is a good many different kinds of an ass. We can cordially endorse the idea. For variegated multitudinousness of assininity, we think Mr. Welsh has the call on the universe.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE has been conferring some new hats on several distinguished ecclesiastics. The reason is obvious. These gentlemen had laid a wager with Pio Nono that he wasn't going to the happy hunting ground by an express train, and have won. As an honorable sportsman, he couldn't do less than pay up with a good grace.

A MAN named Pictet has invented a machine that freezes water into solid artificial ice at the rate of a ton an hour, and he is showing it to the New York ice-dealers. We don't wish to discourage Pictet: let him enjoy his love of triumph now; but wait till the spirit of rivalry is stirred in the breast of Charles Francis Adams, and the bully boy of Boston arises in all the might of his frigidity.

SO COLUMBUS is not to be canonized after all. To discover a new world, was a very creditable proceeding, but it was not one of heroic Christian virtue. Besides Christopher used to go on a "tear" sometimes, and it is feared if he were admitted to the saintly company who are having such a glorious time in heaven, he would scandalize them by his unseemly behavior.

A CROCODILE watched a small boy who sat injudiciously near him on the bank of the river. The small boy was eating a piece of bread. He was hungry. The crocodile was also hungry. On perceiving this sympathetic bond between their natures, the crocodile was moved to tears.

"Poor boy," he said, "you want your breakfast. So do I. Yet why should I deprive you of your bread, which you eat with so much relish? I will not. But your legs—you cannot eat them. I will eat them for you." Q. F. D. Quod fuit demonstrandum.

SOME anonymous individual announces that the people of the United States use daily eight tons of paper collars. We do not understand this. The man with the paper collar is an out-cast from society. He is never seen on the street or in the parlor. What, then, does he do with all the collars? Does he eat them? Is it possible that there is growing up among the youth of this vast country a morbid appetite—a mad craving—for paper collars as an article of diet? This thing must be looked into.

"LIFE begins," said the parson to the young man, "with renunciation. You have just come of age. Signalize the occasion by some act of self-sacrifice. When you were a child, you thought as a child, you spake as a child. But when you come to man's estate, you must put away the things of childishness. Begin to-day, and put away some indulgence, some luxury. Put away smoking—or better still, put away beer."

"I will," said the young man, much affected, "I will! My true friend—you have set my feet in the right path. Come ahead."

And the parson girded up his loins, and the twain went out, and the beer was put away.

WRONG makes the worthless wealthy,

Time shows him up at last—
Bring all things held unhealthy,
Bring all things counted fast,
Where, 'gainst itself divided—
Look on it an thou wilt—
Stands, of all men derided,
The house that Vander built.

Bring men who pawn their breeches
And spout their wives' attire,
Bring men of ill-got riches,
And set the lot on fire.
And let the Lethan waters
Upon the ash be spilt
Of all its sons and daughters—
The house that Vander built.

TO A COUSIN.

I'll praise you with the daintiest care,
In tender, soul-entrancing triolts—
I'll say your eyes are far more fair
Than violets.

I'll say bright gold your ringlets tips,
Your smile's too sweet to be satirical.
I'll say your sumptuous, pouting lips
Are lyrical.

I'll say you're of your set the star—
Eclipsing e'en the belle, Miss Lauberry;
I'll say your features tinted are
With strawberry.

I'll say you're brighter than the sun,
And that you touch the charmed keys prettily;
I'll say you simply sing like one
From Italy.

I'll say you rank all girls above—
(And this I say without apology—)
I'll say you pale the swart queens of
Mythology.

I'll say that kings might idolize
And woo you, never knowing tedium;
I'll say my pen's your advertise—
Ing medium.

I'll say what I have wished too oft,
That you, of all, are my particular—
(I'd rather say it in your soft
Auricular.)

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE WIDOWER AND THE WIDOW.

A CHAPTER FROM A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

MR. LARD was a very old man. He was old enough to be called venerable.

Mr. Lard had been a wise man in his youth. He had made money; lots of money. When he got older and richer, he got sillier by degrees.

Mr. Lard was married when he was old enough and young enough, and had children in appropriate and respectable number.

Mr. Lard became a widower. But he did not stop growing old, on that account.

One day, long after he had become a widower, long after he had become a grandfather, long after he had become a millionaire, long after he had begun to grow silly, he met a widow.

A widow is a dangerous being to encounter at any time. A widow is one to be beware of by giddy youth and weak old age alike.

Mrs. Micks, the widow, was reaching the meridian of life. As she grew older, she grew lovelier. She had been rich and had made good use of her wealth at home and abroad. Oh yes, she had been abroad. Very much abroad. She had been received with honors by the crowned heads of Europe. She was lustrous and fascinating, and the glimmer and glitter of gold lent additional charms to her loveliness. She made profitable use of her money, for she won admiration with it. She was the centre of a circle of doting and admiring friends.

When she had spent all she could afford in keeping the pink-and-white darlings of the aristocracy following in her train, she wisely concluded to come back to her American home, where there was no aristocracy. It was less expensive to be admired by republicans; and besides—but we anticipate.

Mrs. Micks had captured so many hearts abroad, that to marry all her captures would have been an impossibility.

So she came back to New York, still a widow—a blooming, radiant widow—adorned with all

the brilliant accessories of successful widowhood. Her eyes sparkled with a regulation sparkle. Her bosom heaved with correct and well-ordained intensity. She was steeped, to a desirable and legitimate depth, in sentiment. In short, she was a widow to be proud of.

Beautiful Mrs. Micks grew wiser as she grew older. In her ripening wisdom she came upon Mr. Lard, the venerable.

The might of her beauty and knowledge fairly doubled up the old gentleman. His silliness increased at a startling rate. He grew idiotic hour by hour.

He called on Mrs. Micks very, very often. He talked to her about new railroads. Swinburne's poems, and the Himalaya mountains in one breath. And that breath was not even a vigorous one, for Mr. Lard was eighty-three years old. But Mr. Lard had worldly goods—and what is virility compared to wealth?

Beautiful Mrs. Micks, with the opulent charms, fell in love with old Mr. Lard. His opulence was a fair exchange for hers.

In his nice silly old way, he called on Mrs. Micks one day and put his arm round her waist. Her face lit up with a heavenly smile. Old Mr. Lard got very silly indeed. He summoned all the breath he had to his aid and tried to go into raptures. He almost raved about the Himalaya Mountains. Ah, but true love heeds not mere words, it reads the letters of the heart.

Gifted Mrs. Micks let the meaningless sounds that escaped the old man's lips pass by her as the idle wind. She looked beyond the Himalaya Mountains, and said, "Yes, darling, I am thine for ever," in response to a hope she knew he felt but could not utter.

The venerable old gentleman, flooded with so much unexpected bliss, nearly swooned away in silliness. He tried to hop into the air with delight, but he was too rheumatic to hop. Kind, considerate Mrs. Micks forgave this natural shortcoming, and enfolded him in her ingenuous arms.

They were married! Yes, and a cardinal performed the ceremony—privately!—secretly!

The world did not know that Mrs. Micks intended to abdicate the throne of widowhood—the world didn't dream that old Mr. Lard's millions were seeking a *post-mortem* possessor!

So the world rubbed its eyes the next morning as it read of the marriage of Mr. Lard to Mrs. Micks, and said "Did you ever!" with prolonged earnestness and anxiety.

* * * *

And now Mr. Lard's sons—base mercenary creatures—are trying to make the world believe that the entrancing widow did not marry their octogenarian sire for love!

Sordid wretches, fearing that another may inherit the money that might have once been theirs, they are trying to prove that aged silliness is a barrier to honest affection.

What a selfish world is ours! Not even the pure disinterested devotion of a kind-hearted widow is permitted to escape the charge of a selfish motive!

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

AND now throughout the land ariseth the tribe of Ulster, yea, it ariseth in all its might and it chuckleth to the winds of winter and to the snows thereof, and it sayeth "My time is come."

And in these days also the small boy goeth out skating, and naught careth he whether school keepeth or no. But presently he vanisheth through an ice hole, and lo! he departeth unto the summer-land, where there is no skating, neither is there any ice.

Now also doth the apostle of temperance brew him a liquor that is to quench the dryness of

them that long after the inspiring Hot-Scotch and the comfortable Thomas-and-Jeremiah. And he hireth a hall and he calleth unto all the people, and he saith: "Come unto me, all ye who thirst and mourn for your little nip, and will not be satisfied, for you have it not, and I will give you sarsaparilla and gum water for your stomach's sake."

These also are the days when the maiden with a number nine shoe departeth unto a retired corner of the pond and putteth on her own skates. And when her sister, who hath a small foot, yea, and a shapely, girdeth at her and maketh sport of her, she maketh answer unto that sister after this manner: "Nay, rather take thou heed unto thyself, O my sister! For thou knewest not, in the hour when thou wast fresh, and putteth thy foot into the hand of the young man with the sealskin cap, thou knewest not then that there was a hole in the toe of thy boot." And it is a lie, but that sister dareth not look down, and all the day is she troubled in mind. And thereat the maiden with the number nines rejoiceth exceedingly.

Now, moreover, the small boy spillesh water on the sidewalk by night. And it freezeth and maketh a slide in the morning. And he slideth thereon. And the pedestrian cometh on the slide unawares, and promptly tumbleth to the situation. And if he is obese and helpless, he simply cusseth. But if he is agile and knowing, he reacheth for the small boy, and awakeneth a sympathetic chord in his heart. And to do so he goeth to extremes, and reasoneth with the small boy *à posteriori*.

And in these days the Bank President and the man that rehypothecate, and he that defaulteth after the manner of our fathers, and he that maketh his deficit with the modern improvements, and all men like unto these, shall be scattered far and wide throughout the world. And it shall come to pass that no man shall lend his umbrella unto his bosom friend, lest that he rehypothecate it, and on the proceeds thereof flee from the sight of man. For verily, this thing is getting down to a fine point.

And now are the days come upon us when the backbone of winter is intact. For brittleness is not its distinguishing characteristic, and no man remarketh that it is broken.

Answers for the Anxious.

JAKE.—Shake.

HASELTINE.—She's not that kind at all.

STANDISH.—Your "Ejected" is Rejected.

HEPZIBAH.—It is nobler to make a good batter-cake than a bad poem.

G. G. G.—You are too saccharine to exist. You ought to be assassinated.

R. S., Sheboygan.—And you would probably have the face to assert that you believe in a hereafter!

MONO.—There are some editors, possibly, who don't know a plagiarism from Hood when they see it. One of those is the editor you want to strike.

E. V. L.—Your paragraphs aren't paragraphs, simply because they have no point to them. The form is there, but the fun is not. This accounts for the lacteal fluid in the pecan-nut.

R. P. DUNBARTON.—If you are so immoderately anxious to "wander gay and careless through the world, gay and free, gay and free," why don't you do it? Take that poem of yours as a passport; it will gain you admission into any well-organized band of tramps; and we don't doubt that you will do credit to the profession.

P. JR.—We have stated several times that we don't wish to answer historical or arithmetical conundrums. And if people will send us such questions, they must take the consequences. You ask us "who was Themistocles?" Themistocles was the inventor of beer, and he flourished in Bessarabia in the 13th century B. C. He was a cousin of Alexander the Great, and also of Alex. Stephens. He spoke several different languages, and was a good clog dancer. After his death, he was canonized, as a testimony of respect for his many virtues. He is also renowned as the inventor of baking-powder.

MYTHOLOGY ON THE HALF-SHELL.

IV.

MINTHO.

IN a previous sketch we dropped the subject of Eurydice. We dropped her in Hades, in the arms of Pluto.

Pluto was a married man. His wife was Proserpina. He rarely mentioned it, however, and Eurydice was not the first excuse for Proserpina going into the French novel business.

[We do not mean that she read them: she only furnished material for them.]

Proserpina's original cause of dissatisfaction was Mintho.

Mintho was a nymph by vocation. She dwelt by the margin of a glassy stream, and was shy and sweet and innocent.

Pluto came up to earth one day, and wandered in the neighborhood of her dwelling. And the glassy stream, and the rest of Mintho's outfit became things of the past. The young lady went back to the shades in the company of the distinguished traveler, and on arriving at the seat of government she was promptly married to a small and unimportant devil, a person who was notably lacking in the quality of self-assertion, and who was immediately despatched on an extended drumming tour across the Styx.

The gentle grass widow then began to make herself very fresh about the court of Pluto. She treated Proserpina with a patronizing disdain that was at once significant and injudicious.

She gushed, too. She was in the habit of saying that she was such a giddy young thing that people really mustn't mind her silly chatter, but she *did* so love that sweet man, Pluto. She looked upon him just as she would upon a dear old indulgent uncle.

This may have been the truth; but if it was, Mintho's uncles came in for a good deal of sugar.

Such were the reflections of Proserpina, who took very little stock in the avuncular theory.

She had a talk with Pluto on the subject, but her highly respected husband developed an unsuspected talent for repartee, and seemed inclined to carry the war into Mesopotamia. This, for various reasons, did not suit Proserpina.

She then appealed to Mintho's sense of what was aesthetically correct, but without any startling amount of success. The young lady simply remarked that if Pluto preferred *her* society to that of a spiteful old cat who painted her face and wore false hair and had her dresses turned—whose fault was it, *she'd* like to know?

Proserpina then saw that she had nothing to do but to take counsel with her mother. Her mother was named Demeter. She was the prototype of the most virulent form of the mother-in-law.

Pluto had originally run away with her daughter, and Demeter had taken on about it to a terrible extent.

Her opportunities were, however, restricted. She did not live with the young couple. Pluto told her that the climate of Hades was too frigid for her, and she had to confine herself to roaming up and down the earth, doing her best to make it a substitute for the kingdom which she was not permitted to enter.

Proserpina sought her among the abodes of mortals, and found her tearing around Nicopolis, talking Swinburnian blank verse. She told her mother all about it. The old lady's face was lit up with a gleam of joy.

"I told you so!" was her remark. It summed up the situation.

But her helpfulness did not stop here. She saw her duty plainly before her, and she did not shirk it. She said to her daughter:

"My dear, justice must be done!"

"It must," said Proserpina, "I only wish I had her here!"

"If necessary," said the mother, "we must be prepared even to sacrifice life."

"Even if unnecessary," responded the wronged wife, with the light of her high purpose glowing in her eyes.

"Are you sure you are strong enough?" inquired Demeter.

"Just let me get my fingers in her hair!" answered Proserpina.

"His!"

"Hers!"

"It is *his* life that must be sacrificed!" cried the mother-in-law.

"Never!" burst from the pallid lips of the heroic wife.

"Why this weakness?" cried the stern Demeter.

"He has not made his will." And her face glowed with an intelligence more than mortal.

"Ah! that pure and holy love!" the mother cried, clasping her hands in admiration. "How could the monster abuse it? Well, my child, I will not demand too much of your tender heart. Let him live."

"But *she*?"

"Rest easy. We will snatch her coiffureless."

That eve Proserpina returned to the Plutonian realms with a light heart and a magical elixir in a homeopathic vial.

This elixir had the power of transforming into a plant anyone who drank of it.

Proserpina administered it to Mintho, the very next morning, in a cup of tea.

Its effects were immediate. Mintho grew fresher than ever, and presently asked the assembled company if they saw any green in her eye.

Shortly after this Pluto had the inexpressible agony of seeing his protégée, so young, so tender, so confiding, vanish from his eyes, to reappear again only in the comparatively uninteresting form of mint, sprouting luxuriously along the margin of her native stream.

The agony was inexpressible, but Pluto did his best to express it, and thereby succeeded in showing the richness and vigor of his vocabulary.

This was music to Proserpina's ears, but she did not show it. She only said sweetly and cheerfully, like a dutiful wife:

"Love, don't you think we'd better invite dear mama here for the holidays? She does so enjoy being with us, you know."

Reply not on record. 'Tis as well.

But Proserpina's experiment was not altogether successful.

When we have once loved, we never get entirely over it. Some faint reminiscence of the dead and gone passion lingers in the most secret and mysterious recesses of our being, sweet and subtle, intangible, but ineradicable.

The influence of the departed Mintho continued to pervade the Plutonian domestic economy.

Pluto invented the mint-julep, and kept her memory green. Indeed, in hours of extreme exhilaration, he would occasionally observe that he deserved well of an ungrateful world, as being the first man on record who ever got the inside track on his mother-in-law.

THE ANTIQUATED GENTLEMAN WITH A CERTAIN DEGREE OF FRESHNESS.

HAVE you never met him? Oh, yes, you must have. He is to be seen every morning riding down town in the street-car. He turns up in the evening at the theatre. He frequents all the haunts of gilded youth, and is painfully visible because his gilt has worn off.

I want to enter my protest right here against the fresh old gentleman. I use "fresh" in its popular and expressive sense. It carries with it the offense of newness, something like a recent coat of paint.

The young man of to-day seems to have become the accepted target of scorn and contempt. It is everybody's privilege to sit upon him. In behalf of the young man, I want to have the old man sat upon. At least that kind of old man who adds to the arrogance of youth the experience of years.

The antiquated gentleman with a degree of freshness is so equipped with conceit that he cannot realize that there may be those in existence who know almost as much as he does. He will never to the day of his demise grasp the truth that years alone do not constitute wisdom.

The fresh old gentleman leaves home in the morning glowing with self-consciousness. He takes a car, and spies an inch of sitting-room at the furthest end. He makes for that spot. He doesn't wriggle through the crowd who are standing up and hanging on to the strap. He is too fresh to wriggle. He flings them aside with the magic might of years. When he comes within a yard of the spot where he will ultimately sit, he pokes the old lady three seats off in the ribs with magnificent pantomime, and then seats himself in mute splendor, by pushing his neighbors asunder with the most convenient portions of his anatomy.

Oh, how I like this fresh old man! When he sees me sitting opposite, he drops his umbrella. He thinks I will pick it up for him. At least he used to think so. I don't think he thinks so any more. The amount of scorn that antiquated chap can get into his face on short notice, is a good study for physiognomists. His scorn is the penalty for my indifference. I am ever willing to meet the penalty. Never shall my escutcheon be blotted with the charge that I catered to the freshness of experienced age.

The fresh old gentleman reads his paper with condescension. He feels that the editorial mind that conceived the opinions he is now looking through is reaping its reward in the fact that he (the antiquated) is reading these opinions.

Occasionally he finds a friend or acquaintance at his side. It is then that the freshness becomes dewy in its perfection. He unbosoms himself. He tells all he thinks without being asked, and forces his listener to agree with him by not giving him an opportunity to reply.

His remarks are weighty—laden with the burden of years. He shows clearly that he feels, in the innermost recesses of his veteran soul, that in this wide, wide world there does not live a *young* man who knows anything whatsoever concerning anything whatsoever.

The fresh old gentleman hawks a great deal when he talks. That attracts attention. He likes to have all eyes centered upon him. A fine old centre he looks, too. He makes me wish that he had been born in a refrigerator, and been kept on ice through the lapse of ages.

The fresh old gentleman wants to be flattered, so that he may have a chance to rise superior to the wily insinuations of an insincere world.

That kind of a man is the barrier to the progress of youth. He can't endure the aspirations and untamed energies of a young man, because he believes young men are his rivals. But he is mistaken. There is a degree of freshness in *his* composition no young man can ever aspire to.

It is a bad sign, when, the morning after a young man has been to the evening meeting of his literary association, he goes around the house asking for a shoe-horn to put on his hat with.

FASHION AND ITS FOIBLES.

I.

LD Father Jupiter was lying off in an easy graceful manner up there in the celestial regions the other day, and had just lit his seventeenth Flor del Fumar, and taken his tenth bite of a small piece of ambrosia, when he noticed Mrs. Juno twitching about in a very uncommon sort of way, and he raised himself with a peculiar look in his eyes, that may have been caused by wonder—or else too many drinks of nectar, with sticks in them—and he asked:

"Zshuno, what'n thunder 'z that thing you got on?"

"That?" returned Mrs. Juno, after giving herself a final shake and striking an attitude in front of the old gentleman. "Why, that's my pull-back!"

"Your what!" exclaimed the astonished old man, catching hold of a handful of thunder and lightning, ready to kick up a row. "Your pull what?"

"Why, Jupi," said she, "my pull-back; don't you like it?"

Mr. Jove dropped that handful of thunder, and a smile came over his magnificent face as he held out his goblet to Mercury, who had just been down to the bar and had come back with a whole demi-john of nectar, which he'd hung Bacchus up for, and said: "F'lup, old boy!" "O, I like it! Ho! ho! F'lup, F'lup! Like it! He! he—he!"

"Well," said Mrs. Juno, rather indignantly; "I don't care a pin whether you like it or not; it's the Fashion!"

"The WHAT?" And Jupiter clutched hold of another handful of thunder.

"The Fashion!" reiterated Juno, furiously, putting her foot down and getting her back up, simultaneously; "and if you don't know what that is, you'd better go and find out."

Then Jupiter sent Mercury down to Miss Minerva, who had a Webster's dictionary lying open on her lap, from which she was copying out hard words for a spelling-match, and when Mercury came back to the old man, he said:

"Your Honor, 'Fashion is a prescribed form of social usages.' That's what it is!"

But that was too much for the old gentleman. He got up and threw two or three handfuls of storms around, then he kicked over the tables and chairs, after which he tumbled down on his lounge and fell asleep, and dreamed of hump-backed camels, Roman noses, Junoses, in fact, of all that looked like the fashion. The sudden storm that he caused on the earth by that loose and careless manner of flinging the thunder about, caused a great scientific discussion, and the man who had foretold a rising barometer for the lake regions and the Ohio valley, with north and west winds, cool and clearer weather, had his calculations knocked all out of joint, and he swore that there was some dreadful evil impending. He was right.

The whole United States became smitten with pull-backs! From the banker's wife, who drove with her six-in-hand, to the colored cook's cousin's mother, who does for them for seventy-five cents a dozen, and counts two collars one piece—all of them came out with their dresses drawn back into the middle of last week, and said it was the Fashion!

This shows you what an executive power Fashion has. She is the boss element of the human soul. That's a short-get-right-at-the-bottom sort of way of expressing myself, but I'll stand by what I've said. Fashion will make the Olympian gods and goddesses do as she pleases; and she'll come lower down and run things to suit herself, in that same independent, irresistible way. There is no use contending

against her. She is, without exception, the most obstinate, stiff-necked, hot-headstrong self-willed, though weak-minded wretch that ever was known to exist from the time of Adam down to the Centennial. And yet I love her. I feel like taking her by the back-hair and dropping her into the Hudson; and then again I feel like caressing that very back-hair, and pushing in the stray hair-pins, and tying a neat piece of ribbon around it, and showing my tenderness in a hundred other ways; and proving, in spite of all my anxiety to prove the contrary, that I am blindly devoted to her. Now, why is this? Why do I act in such a fashion towards such a thing as Fashion, whose fashionings are nearly all in the Fashion of social misusage, and not social usage, as Mercury said in reply to Jupiter? This is a conundrum, and you are expected to give it up. But I shan't. I'll tell you why I do it—because its fashionable.

I'd like to give another reason, but I can't. This conundrum and this imperfect solution are the key-note to my present theme.

I am not going to discuss the metaphysical question of what makes us do this, or what makes us do that, but I am going to bring before you some of the thises, and some of the thats that we do do, all because it's the fashion, and leave subsequent deductions to yourselves.

To begin with, there is no saying what we wouldn't do if it was fashionable; so we may accept that the millions of silly things that we haven't done yet are all going to be done some day—it is only a question of Time and the disposition of Fashion. We get up in the morning—that is, a great many of us do—at very fashionable hours; so fashionable, in fact, that it ceases to be any time in the morning, but becomes very early in the afternoon.

That is a very original and harmless way of killing time. It is, moreover, very fashionable. And I have known more first-class society people who got up in the morning very early in the afternoon, than I could get together in any pocket-edition on the subject.

Of course people can't be expected to get up early in the morning if they go to bed late at night.

"Oh, certainly not!" And what is more, how can they be expected to do otherwise than go to bed late at night when it's the Fashion?

Now, Miss Smith admitted to me the other day, that she didn't care a snap of her finger for going to balls and parties and dancing all night, and I very naturally asked:

"My dear Miss Smith, what makes you do it?"

Miss Smith simpered a little, and touching my shoulder with the end of her fan, in an airy, sylph-like sort of loveliness, said:

"Why, Mr. Horn, you might as well be out of the world, as out of Fashion."

"Yes, certainly, I might," I responded, and Miss Smith went on:

"Now, I personally am really disgusted with girls who don't care for anything but dress and show, and as for me—" but here Miss Smith was interrupted by the maid peeping in at the door. She asked me to excuse her for a second, while she went to the girl who had a message for her from up stairs. Her last words, that reached my ears, were "Tell her to trim it with blue."

And Miss Smith went to the Jones's party that night, and came home at five, and got up at two, and read a novel at three, and when I met her at four in the street, she had as fashionable a complexion as any girl in the city. A nice romantic lemon tint, with Bismarck brown curves under the eyes, that seemed to have been put there by an artist with a special view to picturesqueness and subdued and fashionable sweetness.

Of course there are some ignorant pretend-

ers who claim that rosy cheeks and bright eyes are true tokens of feminine beauty, but none but the most unfashionable, outlandish country girls would ever think of spoiling her chances of admission into first-class society by having any such looks to their faces!

Besides, girls who go to all this expense and trouble to go to parties, who go to bed late, and go to sleep later, and go to ruin as soon as possible, all stand a better chance of marrying first-class young men; and marriage is the climax of all that's fashionable, and a fashionable marriage is the climax of all society joys. Then who wouldn't reap the golden harvest—a fashionable husband—by going to the expense and trouble of going to a fashionable party, and going to bed late, and going to sleep later, and going to ruin as soon as possible, but in such a delightfully fashionable way? Echo answers, who? And Echo can keep on answering who?—until further notice!

But I must stop right here. I feel I am getting too impressive. It is my object, only, to show in a pleasant way what I consider simple folly, and leave it to you to agree or disagree with me. I don't want to strike terror into your souls; and, above all, let it be understood that I am not preaching in opposition to Mers. Moody and Sankey. With this brief interlude, let us return to Fashion. You will all return there sooner or later, anyhow. Fashion may be divided into a great many classes, and the classes who are governed by Fashion are just as divisible.

There are those who are fashionable by choice.

There are those who are Fashionable by necessity.

There are those who are fashionable from stupidity.

There is a sort of Fashion that governs the mind.

There is a sort of Fashion that governs the body.

There is a sort of Fashion that governs the heart.

There is a sort of Fashion that governs the soul.

I have given only the heads of departments. When I say mind, I mean all that pertains to it—thought, speech, etc.; so with body, heart, and soul. I shall explain more definitely as I get on. I have said there are those who are fashionable from choice. That is the smallest class. To that class belong the originators and inventors of fashion. To that class belong a very few earnest thinkers and people of intelligence, who *originate* or adopt what they think beneficial in governing society. But though there are a few things put forth to rule "first-class society" that are by no means foolish, yet I would not have it supposed that all the originators of fashion, or those who are fashionable from choice, deserve credit for their intellects. For, with the best of intentions, I fail to see what gratitude we owe to the original chooser and inventor of the pull-back dress, or the shot-tower chignon. (Shot-tower chignon is a name of my own invention—and is supposed to mean the back-hair that won't stay back, but gets on top to take a bird's-eye view of things on its own hook.) Every movement in life has something to cause it. Every fashionable movement is caused by a leader. Every leader of fashion is, by duty of office, called upon to cause a movement. I would rather be a toad and live upon the vapors of a dungeon, than be a leader of Fashion, and have to invent silly things for others to imitate.

(To be concluded.)

WHAT is the use of catching John Bonner and putting him in Sing Sing? It would only be giving him another chance to rehypothecate on his bonds.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

"Millicent, don't lean on your cousin's arm in that familiar way. You never see me in such an unbecoming attitude."



AUGUSTUS.—"Aw, Miss Geraldine, I saw you away down the road, and I couldn't help following you—'pon my soul I couldn't. (*Silence.*) I've been walking behind you for the last half-mile. You're not—aw—angry, are you?"

GERALDINE (*blandly*).—"Not at all, Mr. Stubbs, if it pleased you. Why didn't you continue?"

(*Stubbs says: "Aw—thanks!"—But what does she mean?*)

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

XLI.

WASHINGTON—III.



Ya-as, just went down to New York, yer know, to go through the widiculous pwoceeding of aw making calls on the first day of the New Ye-ah. We've now returned to Washington, and fellows aw do say that it was aw much gweater fun he-ah than in aw New York. One fellow, English yer know, who is a clerk or a secwetary or something of the kind to the fellow that the Queen sends ovah he-ah to wewesent us, wemarked that an Amerwican said there was maw "circus" in Washington on this aw day. Now, how verwy widiculous—who wanted to talk about a circus, which is an aw arwangement where a lot of horses go wound and wound and widers in spangles and things twy to stand up stwaight without being wun ovah. Besides I didn't see any wemains of a circus in Washington. The Amerwican Emperwor, who is called a aw Pwesident, yer know, weceived everwybody who aw wanted to see him—including the tag-wag and aw bobtail. He's obliged to shake everwybody by the aw hand, or he wuns the wisk of having to wesign. What a terwible condition his aw gloves must be in after he's been shaking for several hours—must be a beastly baw, yer know, even for an Amerwican, who pwobably can endure such aw nuisances bettah than fellows fwom Gweat Bwitain.

Jack Carnegie and I have been to the White-washed House, which, as I have pweviously explained, is the aw palace of the Amerwican wuler. It's wather aw an indifferwent sort of house; indeed, is vastly inferwiah to any woyal wesidence in Euwope. There's a large woom called the wed woom, and anothah one called the gween woom, and there's a blue woom and aw othah wooms of all colors of the wainbow. The Amerwican woyal family are verwy barbarwous in some wespects. Don't understand, yer know, that the pwoper things to aw have are sentwies wound about such a stwucture. A fellow he-ah sees verwy few militarwy fellows—but I believe there are some somewhere. Jack says they are all officers. Pwivates are recruited when the Generwals want to have a little we-cweation. The Pwesident only stays in the Whitewashed House about four yeaahs, when he makes woom for another fellow—but to understand all these things is, 'pon my soul, a gweat baw. There is aw a Tweasurwy in Washington. It's a white building. It's called the Tweasurwy because Amerwican fellows keep gweenbacks there—doosid funny, isn't it? Jack and I and our Amerwican fwiends stwolled through, walked in the corwidors, and the pwincipal attwaction and industwy of the place appe-ah to be a lot of female cweatures who amuse themselves by walking about arm-in-arm. These decorwations are said to be cheaper than having statuary—which fellows have to be paid for doing pwoperly. There are a gweat many maw things in Washington to wite about aw.

SOME of our exchanges are just now discussing whether there is a hell. As for ourselves, we prefer—to change the subject.

THE tea-kettle medium, Slade, is in Russia. And it has just now occurred to us that unless he speaks Russian, his communications from the spirit-land will have to be trance-slated.

PUCK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GAME OF SEE-SAW.—FIRST BLOOD FOR BALTIMORE.—WASHINGTON FEELS COMFORTABLE.—BARDWELL SLOTE'S PIC-NIC GROUND ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.—THE DEF—THAT IS MISTAKE MADE AT BULL RUN.—DEBUT OF ULYSSES S. GRANT.—THE SEA WISHES TO HAVE A HAND IN THE FUN, AND GETS IT WITH A LARGE MARGIN OF IMAGINATION TO DRAW ON.

THE dogs of war began to pull on their chains, and barked, yelled and howled to be let loose.

The chivalry of Virginia cast wistful eyes on the navy yard near Norfolk, because of foundries, dock, machines, ships, powder, shot and shell. These latter must not be confounded with Baltimore oyster shells. But it was the cannon, of which there were two thousand, which had the effect of making the gallant Virginians hold hard the breath and stretch the nostril wide. Their breathing did not assume its normal character until they had appropriated all these amusing little playthings, and proceeded to put them in readiness for use at a moment's notice, in order to carry out their laudable object, and gently hint to their Northern brethren that there was such a thing as a difference of opinion. The value of all this paraphernalia was estimated at ten millions of dollars, so that the United States was just that amount worse off in beginning to put a steel thumb on the irrepressible chivalry of the Southron.

If there is one thing about Baltimore that commands our respect and admiration even more than its monuments, terrapin and canvas-back ducks, it is its readiness to invite all and sundry to tread on the tail of its coat, and then to have a free fight after the invitation has been accepted.

The Baltimoreans were first in a shindy in the riot troubles as were they in the misunderstanding of which Puck is endeavoring to give an account for the benefit of a grateful posterity. The Baltimoreans thought Secession a mighty good thing, and they objected to a Massachusetts regiment marching through their streets on their way to Washington. Three soldiers were obliged to die because bullets and intestines had no affinity for each other. Eight had their wounds bound up. Credit of first claret-tapping to Confederates.

Washington didn't know what to make of itself. It had never been so lively in its life, and will probably never be so again. If it could have sung, "Ah! que j'aime la militaire" would have been the music in the air.

Little Mac began to mac a name for himself. He was not Governor of New Jersey at that time. This is for the information of those who think he was. McClellan said to the Confederates, "I will meet you at Philippi," which he did; and they did not relish that meeting, for they had to retire. At Cheat River he sat on them again—although they said something about Cheat.

At Carnifex Ferry they got in a ferry bad fex. General Floyd, the Confederate, was treated roughly. He retreated; while his brother-in-arms, Robert E. Lee, found that Cheat Mountain was a swindle of the worst kind for him. The Confederates now thought that they'd had enough of West Virginia, so retired for a time.

It was the 23d of May, and the thought flashed across the Cabinet at Washington, that

although twenty-two days after moving time it would be wise to cross the Potomac and take possession of Arlington Heights. The idea was carried out, and the troops pitched their tents on the identical pic-nic ground where the Honorable Bardwell Sote in "The Mighty Dollar" goes through the boot-cleaning operation.

The Confederates found that there wasn't enough poetry of the future about Montgomery—we do not refer to Geo. Edgar Montgomery, but to Montgomery in Alabama—and as they had a good deal to expect from the future, the capital was changed to Richmond.

"On to Richmond!" was the cry. The North demanded that there wasn't to be any fooling about it.

General McDowell undertook to get there, but was awkwardly stopped at Bull Run by Gen. Beauregard, of the other side. McDowell towards the end of the battle began to think that there were several Richmonds in the field, and that they were very much in the neighborhood of Bull Run. He was thoroughly convinced of the correctness of his surmises, when Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston appeared on the scene, and brought such strong argument to bear on the Union troops, that their motto for the time being was everyone for himself, heaven for us all, and devil take the hindmost.

They couldn't make their margins good, and a panic ensued.

This Bull Run performance resulted in three thousand Union men being left behind by the bulk of the army, who just at that time remembered that urgent private affairs, and other pressing business, demanded their immediate presence in Washington.

Of three thousand some were turned to clay, and might stop a hole to keep the wind away; but we are not aware that any were utilized for this purpose. Others did not call for other horses, but had their wounds bound up; the remainder learned by experience that, although stone walls do not a prison make, or iron bars a cage, that they were nevertheless prisoners.

The North was depressed. This slip-up at Bull Run didn't look like getting on to Richmond, and the job appeared to be almost as difficult as getting Richmond on to here.

Old Abe Lincoln concluded to call for 500,000 troops.

Unlike spirits from the vasty deep, about which a question was raised as to whether they would come when called, these half-million of men responded.

The North braced itself up once more, and determined to go at it again with renewed vigor.

Ball's Bluff will not be pointed to by future truthful oldest inhabitants as the scene of a Union victory—for unhappily it was rather the other way.

All was not quiet on the Potomac; but Colonel Baker, who was in command of the Union troops, was very much so in the Potomac. He was killed and drowned simultaneously.

Matters thus had a rosy aspect for the Secessionists, but they couldn't get hold of Missouri. Captain Lyon, a United States Officer who soon afterwards found himself a General, did not believe in locking the stable-door after the steed was stolen, so he sat on and quietly wiped out a Secession camp near St. Louis, and the arsenal was saved to the Union, and no Secessionist was afforded the opportunity of committing arson or making a pun on the subject.

Soon after General Lyon retired; it is thought he went to heaven. He left his earthly habitation behind him. This was at Wilson's Creek. The other party, whose name was Price, was too much for him.

Price in turn, however, had to make tracks southward, with General Freemont at his heels.

Puck must now pause in his History to take

breath, for the name of Grant is about to be mentioned in this connection in these immortal pages.

What food for reflection does this circumstance afford to the philosophical reader. Does he see the Illinois tanner President of the United States? Does not the dim future show as in a glass darkly a Belknap and a Robeson? Whiskey to be drunk and cigars to be smoked too, must take up a considerable portion of the misty vision.

But we guess we're pretty well through with what a gentle or ungente reader might have seen. We can't be responsible for his dyspepsia; but we'll mention in passing that General Ulysses S. Grant did not exercise sufficient care oh in attacking Cairo. It may not surprise people to know that he was repulsed.

A great deal too much attention had been lavished on the land, and, as Swinburne had maintained that the sea had been giving its shells to the shingle, it could not be considered too much to ask for a little notice in return. It pined for excitement, and its briny, blue breast heaved like an earthquake, or, more properly speaking, a seaquake. The southern coast was blockaded by what there was of the United States navy, but it was about as effectual as the means taken to prevent men about town fighting the fashionable tiger. A mild Broadway and Fulton street blockade could knock circular discolorations out of the United States' first attempt at the little game of this kind.

(To be continued.)

SIESTA.

(To Illustration on last page.)

It is a fearful warning,
No bachelor should miss:
Devote yourself to running
After domestic bliss,
If you want to strike your treasure
In a solid lump like this.

You want small waxen fingers
A-twining in your hair—
To leave adhesive traces
Of molasses-candy there?
You want to mind the baby
Or else be called a bear?

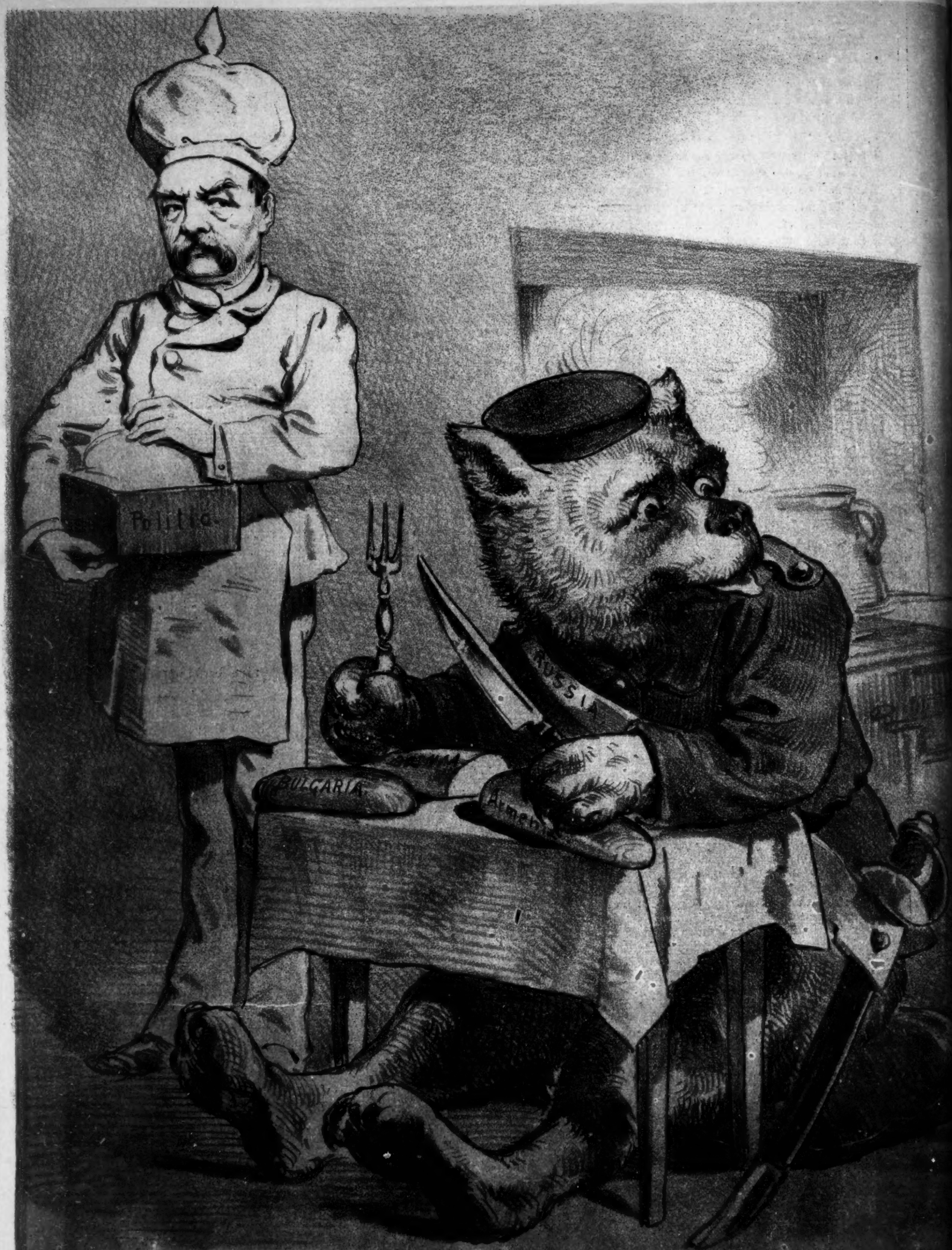
If this is the enjoyment
In search of which you've gone,
You'll end—my bottom dollar
This thing I'll bet upon—
You'll end by ranking Herod
Next to G. Washington.

* * * * *

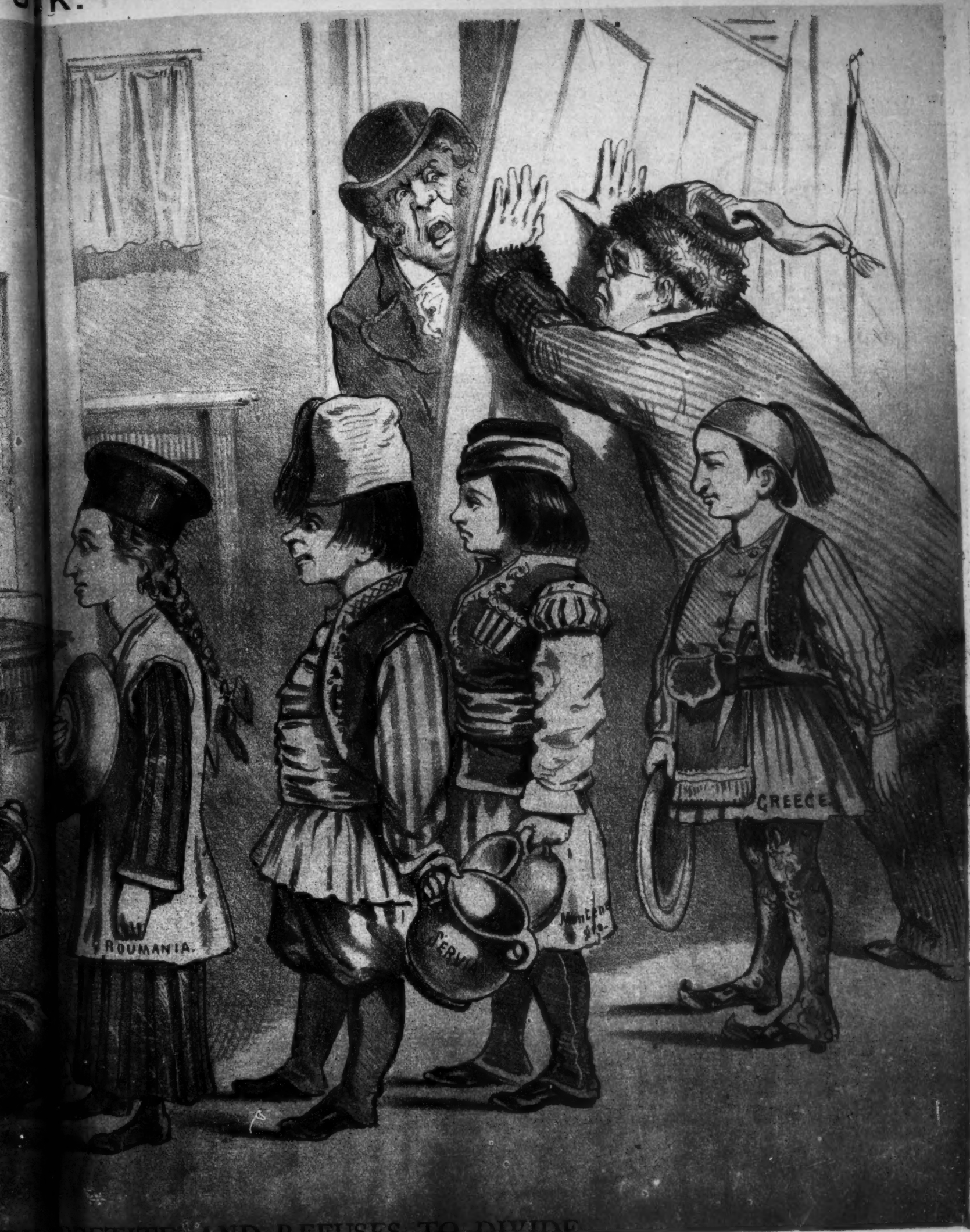
The purpose of the picture
Doth not at once appear,
But 'tis the poet's duty
To try to make it clear,
Else nobody would see it—
That's why the poet is here.

Perhaps her little stomach
Has a plethora of cake;
Perhaps she's had a 'panking,
And is sleeping off the ache;
Perhaps she's only shamming,
And is really wide awake.

Her head lies on the damask,
Apparently in sleep:
Next thing you know, that table
Will come down in a heap,
And her papa'll say something
That rhymes with a little sheep.



THE RUSSIAN BEAR HAS A GREEDY



BY PETITE AND REFUSES TO DIVIDE.

PATENT SKELETONS.

[We publish this article as a warning. We are not the undertaker's journal, and we only wish by this to indicate where we draw the line in funeral humor. No contributor will hereafter be permitted to cross this line. This rule will be insisted on with rigor—rigor mortis.—ED. PUCK.]

BEEMANS came around the other evening and told me all about it. When I think it all over, it seems almost too steep, but Beemans told it in a straightforward manner, and I can't see why he should lie about it.

It seems that Beemans dropped in at Lumper's, the undertaker, just below my place, and after a short conversation, Beemans says:

"Well, Bannister,"—that's Lumper's clerk—"how's business?"

"Business is pretty shaky," says Bannister; "people don't act right toward us. There's old Patterson—he ought to have died three months ago, but he clings on to life like a barnacle. He's got to come before long, though, and his skeleton is billed for Barnes & Co."

"Billed for Barnes & Co.!" exclaimed Beemans. "Oh, come now, his skel—"

"Then you haven't heard of Barnes & Co., of Cincinnati, wholesale dealers in skeletons and bones for medical colleges and secret societies?" interrupted Bannister.

Beemans was obliged to confess that he hadn't heard of that firm, so Bannister explained.

"You see," said he, "we take our best subjects, and, by a chemical process for which we have the exclusive patent, reduce the defunct to a skeleton, substituting in its stead a figure having the exact dimensions and proportions of the original. Our artists are instructed to give to the face, which is of wax, an expression of resignation and subdued happiness, which is touching to behold."

"You don't mean to tell me," said the horrified Beemans, "that you dispose of all the cases that you handle in this manner?"

"Oh! no," said Bannister, "we don't attempt it in cases where the late lamented is mourned for by crowds of grief-stricken relatives. I remember we once had a splendid specimen—ah! he *was* a bouncer!—he left a wife and three children—no insurance."

"Well, sir, on the day of the funeral, a warm day too, the substitute was reposing sweetly in a two hundred dollar casket, while the departed was in our laboratory strung on wires and labled '207, A 1.'"

"Well, sir, the widow, as she gazed upon that figger, wept and wept, and the wet just poured down on its face; now, no wax figger can stand hot tears for any length of time, so I managed to get one of the relations to hurry up the widow, but I'll be hanged if she didn't grab the hand and weep over it and squeeze it; then each of the children had a turn, and the widow finished up with a final grip that would have ruined an ordinary figger. As it was, when we came to screw it up, that hand was squashed all out of shape—soft as putty. So now we only tackle cases like No. 321 (reading from memoranda), 'old bachelor, no relatives; 380, intemperate husband,' or '401, hospital case No. 85.'"

Bannister shivered, and remarked; "I suppose mothers-in-law are considered safe cases?"

"Well, no," said Bannister, "one would naturally think so, but you see they are apt to have a good deal of sham emotion manifested over 'em, and beside they're hard to reduce—too tough, you know."

"I have just finished wiring up an old chap that you knew—old Jelliper—old William Jelliper; remember him?"

"Well, I should say I did!" said Beemans,

feebly. "Why, he was a great friend of mine!"

"Now, if you'll come into the backroom with me," said Bannister, "I'll show you how we work the business."

So he went into the "back room" with this Bannister. It was quite dark; but startlingly outlined against the black drapery of the walls, were hung numerous skeletons, labeled, for example, "Class 2, No. 101, Pitman E. G."

"There," said Bannister, pointing to a prominent specimen; "there is all that remains of old Jelliper."

Beemans's nervous system was pretty well worked up by this time, but he approached the object labeled "A 1. Jelliper H. M.," and softly exclaimed: "Poor old man!"

"Yes," sighed Bannister; "but his poor old frame brings us seventy-five dollars."

"We had an amusing scene here with old Jelliper," he continued. "You see, we had him all prepared for reducing; that is to say, the operation of annihilating the fleshy substance—consequently he was pretty well softened up."

Beemans's horror well-nigh rendered him speechless, but he hung on to a chair while Bannister went on:

"One of the workmen came up just at this time and tested him with a sharp steel, when old Jelliper straightened up quick as lightning and delivered a blow straight from the shoulder, which struck the man right between the eyes and laid him out for a while. Then old Jelliper sunk back without a groan, winked once or twice, then expired."

"Horrible!" gasped Beemans faintly.

"Yes," said Bannister, "it was pretty; and he *was* our best workman, too."

"But Jelliper," said Beemans, "must have been alive all this time—in a sort of trance."

"Well, yes, I suppose he was; but he had no business to be, and we could'n't afford to save him if it had been possible." Just then a telegram was handed to Bannister, which he read with a troubled air.

"There now," he said, "here is a risk incidental to the business: Bowdell & Co., of Cleveland, telegraphed last Friday for a young specimen. As we had none on hand, we shipped old Parker, of Unionville, but they telegraph us as follows:

"'We have shipped back No. 340:—too brittle. Fill original order.'"

"However," continued Bannister, "all trades have their risks, and ours is no exception."

Now, as I have said, Beemans told me this in a straight-formed manner; but I *have* heard that he varnishes his remarks sometimes, although he has been known to tell the truth on several occasions. However this may be, I intend to investigate the matter and will give the result to the world through the columns of PUCK.

L. T.

POLITICAL NOTES.

— The Southern Question: "What will you take?"

*— It is correct to speak of Murphy as having "Excised," not cut away.

— In European politics the Bashi-Bazouks seem to have had the best time. They take life easily.

— S. S. Cox opposes the corn kitchen bill and the export of corn to Europe, because he hates to see it wasted for bread and because it would tend to raise the price of the juice of home-consumption.

— Mayor Ely has sent a message to the new Common Council. This is the very thing of which we complain. Our Municipal is too common altogether. It's a superior one we want, and, we may safely add, we shall never get.

— What caricatures of George William Curtis, Nast would delight in making, if they were not on the same paper.

— Senator Patterson promises to resign if he is not prosecuted. There is a penalty in the statute book for compounding a felony; but all is fair in politics and war, if one has to break every law that was ever enacted.

— This is the season when the Albany thick-heads, who call themselves legislators, talk each other blind on the question of deodorizing a sewer, and then labor under the delusion that they have deserved well of their country.

— The New Orleans Clearing-House Association want to be "counted out" on the Bland Silver Bill question. It is consoling to know that there are some people in the South who are disposed to pay a hundred cents on the dollar.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

AIMEE has dropped *Indigo*. It wouldn't wash.

THE English version of Sardou's "Dora" is to be called "The Mouse-Trap." It will be quite the cheese.

"WON AT LAST" continues at Wallack's Theatre. Prosperity sticks a feather into the cap of Mackaye, the Delsartian author.

SOTHERN and his company are in Brooklyn, playing against Wallack, in the same city. We wish them both many happy returns of the season.

EDWIN BOOTH has come back to the "spot where he originally fell," and the classic temple of art once more resounds with his familiar voice.

MR. J. B. POLK plays a trivial part in "The Man of Success" so neatly and artistically, that it is meet he should receive especial recognition for it.

AFTER the circus by the Count Joannes at the Bowery Theatre, we now have the Royal Circus. Doesn't this suggest the eternal fitness of things?

MISS MAUD GRANGER will play in the new piece at Wallack's—for which, in the cause of beauty, art and Swinburnian admiration, let us render thanks.

"THE DUKE'S MOTTO" draws at Niblo's, with Mr. Piercy and Miss Varian in the leading parts. The said motto is, "I am here;" and they *are* all there.

THERE is very little to startle us in the fact that John T. Raymond played *Col. Sellers* again at the Park Theatre last Monday night. He will play "Risks" next week.

BOUCICAULT's new play is to succeed Modjeska at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. We mention this fact, with due apologies to Mr. Boucicault, should this loud advertisement grate on his modest, shrinking nature.

TONY PASTOR advertises a show of lots of fun and blood. We like originality, even in advertisements. If variety be the spice of life, life can be spiced with a vengeance at the entertainment offered by Mr. Pastor and his mammoth array of genius.

MISS JENNY HIGHT, known to many of our out-of-town readers as a charming actress, is likely to make an early reappearance in a pathetic part, in which she is said to be effective. We trust that she may reach any height to which her ambition can aspire.

AT the Union Square Theatre, "The Man of Success" still holds the boards. It will be succeeded, in a few weeks, by the "Cause Célèbre," the reputed masterpiece of d'Ennery, of "Two Orphans" renown. The managerial heart glows with glorious expectation from this new and wonderful drama.

OIL CITY IN '61.

(Boucicaulted from the Derrick.)

HE was an old man and bore the scars inflicted by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. He wore the traditional high boots of the early oil man. He was a teamster. You would have known it by his odor. It was the night blooming cereus of horses. "I druv team," he said, regaling himself with a fresh chew of dog-leg, "I druv team on Oil Creek fifteen years ago. That wus afore pipe lines wus thought uv, and teams an' wagons wus strung over the region like the pipe lines air to-day. Them wus gallus days, an' don't you forgit it. Money tumbled into the coffers uv the rich and poor alike. In them days I had a million dollars where I haven't a cent now."

One of his hearers put a handkerchief to his nose and remarked that if dollars were scents, and *vice-versa*, he would think he was in the presence of a Rothschild.

The old teamster said he didn't understand Greek, and continued:

"I wusn't proud, but in them days I druv my team through mud up to the belly-band, and wore a diamond lynch pin on my greasy shirt-front that 'ud make two uv Boss Tweed's. When I was drivin' along it cast a streak of light ahead of me like a locomotive."

The little group of listeners started.

"True ez rollin' off a log. You fellers are new here, an' you've got dead oodles to larn yet about airy oil times. I tell you them days wus flush. Every man held a full hand. The teamsters speshly. We made more than the bankers. Though fur that matter it allus seemed to me that the dealers made more than either of us."

"What did I wear such a valuable diamond fur? Cause I had to invest my capital in something. I might have bought lands, or railroads, or something like that, but real estate was badly inflated, an' I was afraid uv a crash. Diamonds is always a safe investment. Teamsters should always have them, because their value is stable. Besides my buzum pin, which cost me upwards of five thousand, I had seven finger rings, every one uv which cost me a cool thousand in the hot days of July, '61. I wore 'em all to once. It was per'aps in poor taste, considerin' the business I was in, but I didn't mind that. All the other teamsters did the same thing. Custom made the thing tolerable, or likely I wouldn't have had the cheek to sit up there on my old wagon bediamonded like the King of the Cannibal Islands."

"What's that? Why didn't I have eight rings instead uv seven, and wear one on each finger?" The old man paused a moment and wiped his nose against the grain. Then, recovering quickly, he exhibited the back of an enormous hand, with one finger bent down into the palm, and replied:

"Cause, you see, I lost one finger in the war."

"The diamonds? Well, sir, mebbe you won't believe me, but they turned out to be paste, and once in an hour of adversity the old woman made them into pie-crust."

Then he fetched a sigh as heavy as a sea-biscuit, and walked rapidly away.

WHAT salve has the best effect on chapped lips? Lips-have, of course.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

"BRANDY, I hope," murmured a sailor on a desert island, as he stopped to pick up a black bottle which the waves had washed to his feet. "Beer, I expect," he said softly, pausing in his labor of tugging at an obstinate cork. "Tracts, by jingo!" he exclaimed, when the edifying but scarcely convivial contents of the flask were exposed to view.—*Unknown Humorist.*

Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER XLI.

AS consciousness returned to René, she was at a loss to understand the strange movement of her body. She opened her eyes, and, looking upwards, saw Hugh's face bending tenderly over her; her feeling was that of a child waking from a troubled sleep, and finding protection so close, she smiled, and closed her eyes again. She had a dreamy sense that something dreadful had taken place, but it yielded for a time to the consideration of her present position. Sleepy delight possessed her with the knowledge that these were Hugh's good arms about her, and Hugh's dear breast on which her cheek lay.

He stooped to lay her on the rug, and the change of position more fully awakened her. Rapidly recollection of past events broke upon her, and, starting up suddenly, she asked what was become of *him*—de Gaillefontaine. Hugh assured her that his hurt was not dangerous, and that she need fear nothing on his account.

"If he wishes to go away, let no one stay him," said René; "and let him take what he will. He was true to me when we both were poor, however false he is now." Presently, bethinking her of the dress she wore, she said, "I am stronger, quite myself again. Let me go to my room and change this dress, or you will still prefer your picture to the original. Wrap this rug about me; I am ashamed now my mask is gone, and I have only the woman's part to play."

Hugh put the rug about her, and could find nothing eloquent to say for the emotions that agitated him; but he took her hand in his and pressed it, while his joy shone in his eyes, and his silence pleased René better than the most neatly-rounded compliment.

They left the arbor, René and Hugh, and found no one in their path. M. de Gaillefontaine's friends had dispersed, each with the foresight that his company would not be required. René shivered and clung closer to Hugh as her eye caught sight of the rapiers on the grass. Hugh walked slowly, and made René rest upon the first seat they came to. While they were here the alarm of fire was raised; the outcry of many voices came to their ear, and through the light foliage they saw a column of smoke rising. By the time they reached the edge of the lawn, flame was shooting up through the skylight at the back of the stage; the maskers were yet struggling from the door with painful slowness, whilst over their heads the smoke rolled in rapidly increasing volume. Some were waiting by the door, looking eagerly for friends, and impeding their exit; others were walking away, congratulating such as had escaped.

René watched the outflowing throng with terrible anxiety, as each instant made the condition more perilous. She felt responsible for the lives of those she had gathered there. At length when the stream ceased to flow, and all were gathered in a noisy crowd upon the lawn in safety, René fell to laughing immoderately, and as suddenly began to cry, her face with her hands, and turning her back upon the fire.

"Take me away! take me away!" she sobbed. "All goes ill that I do. Nothing that I touch escapes calamity."

Whispering words of comfort and assurance,

Hugh led her across the lawn towards the lodge, keeping himself between her and the burning building. He saw that last man come out; and the movement towards the back of the theatre which followed, led him to suppose that disaster was attended by loss of life. Some such apprehension René seemed to catch from the cry raised as John Smith staggered from the theatre, and she cried and sobbed afresh, while her legs shook under her, refusing to carry her farther.

Once more Hugh took her up in his arms; she, poor thing, nearly unconscious through exhaustion, offered no opposition. Hugh rested at the gatekeeper's lodge, expecting to obtain assistance, but the door was fast, and the gatekeeper gone with the rest up to the blazing theatre. Here René gathered strength, but she clung strenuously to Hugh's shoulder; and he, drawing the rug more closely about her, to shield her from observation, put his arm round her and half carried her through the Quarry Wood, and right down to the Ferry-boat in the village.

The woman of the inn took René away from him, and bade him go find her maids; and Hugh unwillingly submitted to their dispensation, which he, knowing nothing of what was best to do, had to believe right and proper.

He found the fire, swept steadily by the breeze, which seemed to have risen at its bidding, had laid hold upon the house, and those who had been removing the more easily moved valuables from the rooms before the smoke became unendurable, were now watching the progress of destruction. There was water close by enough to quench a dozen burning cities, and hundreds of hands willing to serve; but the engines, which alone could make human will effective, did not arrive until there was nothing to save. In two hours René's palace was reduced to a shapeless pile of rubbish, and her fairy garden trampled and torn into a brown waste.

This climax was told to René by her maids, and from them she learnt how Monsieur de Gaillefontaine was burnt to death, and with him another man. Homeless she wept in this very room years ago on that first day of her arriving at Riverford; homeless she wept there now.

Though René had shown herself possessed of a man's fortitude and courage, she was now for all to see the weakest of women. She was still hysterical and talked wildly, with a fierce unthinking excitement, when Hugh again saw her. She would become a sister, and go into the dreadful hospitals, and do good. She would return to France. All that she possessed should be given to the deserving; she herself would wear stuff dresses and thick flat boots. A dozen such protestations she made, but to one thing she was constant; she would stay no longer in Riverford, but would this very day leave it. Suddenly conscious of her weakness, she turned to Hugh and said, her sweet eyes filling with tears:

"I know I am a foolish silly child, but it is to such poor weak things that kind souls are indulgent. Do take me from here; you, my cousin, the only one who can care for me!"

Fearing that illness would follow the violent excitement to which the poor girl had been so subjected, and anxious to have the best assistance at hand, Hugh took René to London by a midday train, with her maids and such luggage as could be collected from the heterogeneous mass of salvage. René went to the hotel she had previously used, and the women banished Hugh as before, and put their sinking patient to bed.

The immediate control of the estate René had placed in the hands of Mr. Bruce, de Gaillefontaine's secretary. He, anxious for a per-

manent promotion, was zealous in furthering Miss. Biron's interests.

When the fire was threatening the house, he repaired to de Gaillefontaine's rooms, and cleared them of all that he considered valuable. The little leathern bag lying beside the ulster attracted his attention, and its weight induced him to remove it. He opened it when, later in the day, it became evident that de Gaillefontaine was one of those burnt in the theatre; and the contents he himself took to Reading and paid into the bank to René's account.

John Smith had disappeared—possibly not liking the society of certain gentlemen among the spectators of the fire, whom he had seen before in their magisterial capacity—and all endeavors to find him were unavailing. But when it grew dark, the man presented himself at the Ferry-boat, and asked to see Miss Biron.

Mr. Bruce, luckily at that time in the house, pounced upon him, took him aside, heard what he had to say, promised perfect secrecy, and the next morning carried him to London and to Miss Biron's hotel.

Hugh had called to see René, and promised to return; and she, to receive him, had overruled the objection of her attendants, and risen from her bed, giving instructions that visitors should be sent to her sitting-room. She was astonished when Mr. Bruce and John Smith were ushered in.

"I should have avoided anything which might serve to revive the recollection of yesterday's painful event," Mr. Bruce explained, "but that the occasion seemed too urgent for delay. This is the man who escaped from the fire."

René said she would hear all that was to be told in as few words as possible; and, bowing her head, endeavored to listen, calmly and with fortitude, to details which she knew must shock her.

Mr. Bruce signaled to John Smith, who said, with some difficulty in finding words for his purpose:

"It's like this. I'm a man that ain't got any friends, and I don't want to get into trouble just as the season's coming on, when a man can earn a living pretty comfortably; and as I've come for'ard of my own free will, when there wasn't any call for me to do so, no more'n a want to do the thing that's right towards the dead, I hope you won't take advantage of my position to have me lagged after I've said what I got to say."

"You do not wish to be detained after you have made your statement—that is what you mean, I think?" said René.

"Just so, miss. It's like this. About a week ago Master Fox—I don't know whether you know him, miss—used to be at the house afore you came, in the old gentleman's time."

"I remember him."

"He comes to me and says as he goes in danger of his life because of this here Frenchman, Mounseer de Gaillefontaine, and he hires me to protect him when he went out a-walking. Well, miss, business being slack, and the job a honest one, I undertook it. One day he goes for a walk with this mounseer, and I follows, keeping a heye on him. Sure enough, when they got into the Quarry Wood, side o' the pit there, mounseer takes the old gentleman and tries to shove him over the rails. Of course I did my bounden duty; but whilst I was holding of this mounseer, Master Fox he took a little bag hidden under the French gentleman's shirt, declaring it was hisn. Business took me up here in Lunnon, and strange enough I met Master Fox, who was quite delighted to see me, as he wanted me to protect him again, as he was invited to your ball and couldn't refuse you. Master Fox and the Frenchy met each other quite pleasant and agreeable, and, from what I heered, offered to sell him the very bag

as he took away from him last week, and which, so's it shouldn't be taken from him, Master Fox had gave me to take care on. 'This here Gaillefontaine says, 'Meet me on this terrace at six o'clock, and I'll let you know for certain whether I'll buy it or whether I won't,' he says. At six—rather afore than after—mounseer comes wrapped up in a cloak all of a hurry, as if he'd forgotten us; but when Mr. Fox asks him if he wants to buy the bag, he says, 'Oh, yes, I will. Foller me,' he says, 'to where we can talk private,' says he. He took us into that theatre by the back door, leads us into a little room, and locks us in. Then he sets fire to the shavings on the floor, intending to burn us there, and escape by the door he had come in by. But whilst he was getting a light, Master Fox had taken the keys out of the door; and when we bust out and he come back for 'em, it was too late to get to the door for the fire, and so we was all caught in the trap together. I was the only one who escaped."

René lifted her eyes and listened aghast, but with a sensible relief. Hitherto a vague impression haunted her that she in some manner was implicated in the death of de Gaillefontaine.

John Smith took a bag from his pocket, and continued:

"Now, miss, it ain't for me to judge them two men, cruel as that Frenchman acted towards us, and their sufferings is enough to take the spite out of any one's heart, and, moreover, I took a solemn oath when I was, like a miracle, delivered from that awful fire, as I'd never do nothing wrong no more. And I've kep' my oath. I ain't so much as looked at this bag; and as you're the only party as I know any way connected with them there dead men, I give it into your hands, hoping it won't lead me into trouble."

René took the bag with some hesitation, and drew from it the folded parchment, on which was neatly pasted the two crumpled, torn, dirty halves of Gregory Biron's last will. Her astonishment as she read, and the reflections that followed the reading, so absorbed her mind, that she forgot the men, until a movement of Mr. Bruce's broke off her reverie. She dismissed them, bidding Mr. Bruce reward John Smith liberally for his trouble.

When they were gone she became eagerly impatient for the coming of Hugh; and when she was told that he had promised to return in a couple of hours, and since promising little more than an hour had elapsed, she sent for a cab, and declining attendance, was conveyed to Charlroy Street. The woman of the house remembered her.

"I don't think he'll want you, miss," said she. "He's been sadly put out about something since you used to sit to him, and he can't settle down to anything this morning. He's been in and out two or three times, and now he's out. However, I daresay his studio's unlocked, and if so you can sit there till he comes in; if so be it's locked, you can come down and sit with me in the kitchen. He's a'most sure to be back presently."

The key was in the lock. She opened the door, but paused upon the threshold, as familiar details of the room revived the feelings of the past. She could regard these feelings now with nothing but regret and shame. Something more than mere curiosity took her to the easel, and made her uncover the picture upon it. She sat upon the stool, and looked long and steadfastly at this portrait of herself, and as she looked, there came joy and pride and love into her heart. This face, in which were nobility and purity and truth, and all that makes a woman's face divine, reflected Hugh's thought of her. These virtues he saw in her in spite of all she had done to make him think

her silly and weak, and even worse than that. Still looking upon the portrait, her bosom swelled with a great hope, a great belief that she should yet prove the truth of all Hugh had painted on that canvas.

The door below opened and shut, and René rose with a heart beating high as some one came bounding up the stairs two steps at a time.

"I was told at the hotel you had left," explained Hugh; "and my heart told me you had come here."

"Your heart never does me wrong."

"It never deceives me."

"Yet what will you say when you know that I have been foolishly and wickedly wasting your money for months and months past?"

"If I were convinced that you were wasting it, and that it really was mine, then I daresay I should say that you had used it, thinking it your own."

"Who is happier, better for the money I have spent? A heap of ruins is all I can show for my stewardship. See, this shows that the wealth was yours."

Hugh took the paper with some curiosity, and said, smiling:

"So this is the will about which there has been so much fuss. Why, this paper does not assure me that the money was mine! Legally it is no will at all, I expect; certainly it would give me no moral claim."

René seated herself, and in silent wonder looked up at Hugh.

"Do you know that this paper was taken from my friend, de Gaillefontaine?"

"Yes."

"And yet with the possibility, nay, the probability, that I shared his knowledge of the contents, you steadily painted truth and goodness in that portrait!"

"I have need of some virtues, if it be only decent generosity; for within two days you have given me a life and a fortune; and I have it in my heart to ask yet more of you."

René hung her head, for she knew the meaning of his words; and as he stepped towards her, she sprang from her chair, and flung her arms about his neck, vowing he should not kneel at her feet. She gave him her lips to kiss, closing her eyes in passionate delight. Then she burst into tears, being yet so weak and shaken, and between her sobs told how she would be a good and wise wife under his guidance, beginning her new life with humility and faith.

THE END.



Puck's Arranges.

THAT aspiring patriot who called on President Jackson to ask that he might be appointed Minister to England, and went away with the gift of a pair of old breeches, has his parallel in the Hon. J. Willis Marchard, a colored ex-Senator in Florida. This gentleman went to Washington equipped with recommendations for the Belgian mission. His strong point was that his race ought to be recognized. But the Belgian mission was already "bespoke," so he asked to be appointed Consul to Liverpool. That being refused, he wanted a clerkship, and at last accepted with gratitude the place of watchman in the Treasury Department.—*Boston Post*.

A STRONG woman—a shop-lifter.—*Mysterious Joker.*

THE latest out—the hired girl.—*Unknown Paragrapher.*

HAYES will date all his letters thus—'78.—*Worcester Press.*

THE hornet belongs to the powers that bee.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

WHEN is a mother a father? When she's a sigher.—*Undiscovered Conundrumist.*

WHAT salve has the best effect on chapped lips? Lips-have, of course.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

BABy-SHOWS have proved disastrous ever since the one King Herod inaugurated.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

AN early settler—the man who pays for his hotel lodging before going to bed.—*Fat Contributor.*

THE "Private Dalzell" and the "Veritas" are the new fashions in waste-baskets.—*C.-J. Small Talk.*

THE weather this winter has proved a terrible strain on the memory of the oldest inhabitant.—*Rome Sentinel.*

IT is the beetle-browed man who has the best success in wedging his way through a crowd.—*Griswold of Cincinnati.*

SILENCE is not always golden. The oyster is continually getting into broils and stews.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

RAILROAD men may not always be good dancers, but they are very skillful on a brake-down.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

LET Murphy keep on in the way he is going, and he will eventually fill a reformed drunkard's grave.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

IF we keep on turning out West Point officers we shall have to enlist a private for a lot of them to command.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE days of knighthood have passed away, yet about every tramp you meet is encased in a coat of alms.—*Fat Contributor.*

POKER is a school for the emotions, enabling a man to hold a flush without showing it in his face.—*North Paw-Paw Compendium.*

A NEW ORLEANS minister is worth half a million dollars. There are no camels or needle-eyes in his sermons, rest assured.—*Cin. Star.*

WHEN the landlady discovered that her boarders were dropping off, the burden of her song became: "Nothing but leaves."—*Unidentified Ex.*

IN behalf of Francis Murphy, we ask why barbers can't put a little extra powder on the end of a man's nose without being told to do so?—*Oil City Derrick.*

"It seems appropriate," said the officiating clergyman, "that we should sing 'I would not live away.' It was a great favorite of the remains."—*Boston Globe.*

A LITTLE child of our acquaintance thinks that "God must be glad when prayer-meeting night comes, 'cause he hears such lots of news."—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

A NATCHEZ wig-maker, named Giles, trusts his customers, but when they don't settle according to agreement Giles Natchez 'em bald-headed.—*Cincinnati Griswold.*

IF Adam could have been a boy once, and had a happy home in which to hang up his Christmas stockings, he might have become a better man.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

RABBITS are dying of cholera in Kentucky.—*Exchange.* They're evidently changing their 'abbits in Kentucky. It used to be whiskey; now they call it cholera.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

THE leader always wears the best clothes, but the man who pounds the bass-drum in a brass-band always looks as though he arranged all the music and taught the band.—*Hawkeye.*

THE Episcopal divine, Canon Farrar, of Westminster Abbey, expresses a disbelief in hell, but if you adopt his views you may go Farrar and fare worse.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

IN the bright new American Cyclopaedia there's no such word as "Hell." Is this a conspiracy to defraud the American people out of its latest inalienable grievance?—*N. Y. World.*

MRS. NICKELL, of Kentucky, has just presented her husband with the twenty-first pledge of her fidelity. The region ought to be well-supplied with small change.—*Unknown Ex.*

WE learn from the daily press that Harriet Beecher Stowe is in Florida. The report leaves us in harassing doubt as to where the rest of the lady's body is located.—*Stamford Advocate.*

A NEVADA husband thinks twice now before undertaking to whip his wife. The Legislature has ordered the erection of whipping-posts where wife-beaters are to be punished.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

THE model husband has been found in Albany. He don't permit his wife to do more than half the work. She puts up the canned fruit in summer, and he puts it down in winter.—*Stray Squib.*

WASHINGTON didn't object to titles. "His Excellency" always seemed to please him, but could he see the monument that is erected for him he would be disgusted with His Eminence.—*Saturday Night.*

THIS is the season when the old maid with small conscience and big appetite selects her thinnest string of dried apples to present her favorite dominie in return for a \$4 supper.—*Rhinebeck Gazette.*

"If those women," remarks the Elmira *Advertiser*, speaking of a troupe of Thompsonian dancers, "think this is August, they are very much mistaken." Volumes could not say more.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A MAN is trying to invent a gravy-bowl that will not break when a woman throws it at her husband's head. There has been too much crockery broken in this Christian nineteenth century.—*Stray Squib.*

How do you know the man is crazy?" asked the superintendent of the asylum as the editor was brought in. "Because he has been crediting paragraphs to the *Globe-Democrat*," was the reply.—*Dexter Smith's.*

AN inquisitive boy in Iowa wished to hear how bird shot sounded when it whizzed out of the muzzle of a gun. Hereafter he will travel through this beautiful world ornamented with a leather ear.—*Rockland Courier.*

IN Paris a great deal is expected of a policeman. If he gets drunk twice he loses his place.—*Ex.* That's easy enough to get around. Let him get drunk once and keep half drunk the rest of the time.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

A MAN who thought he would present his wife with material for a new dress was somewhat surprised to see the dealer slip the cloth in an envelope and say he would have the buttons sent right up in a dray.—*Worcester Press.*

"MARK TWAIN" introduced Mr. Howells to a Hartford lecture audience by saying that it was unnecessary to speak of his literary reputation; he was merely there to back up the moral character of Mr. Howells.—*N. H. Courier.*

THE Colorado petrification has arrived at the New York Aquarium. The coroners are bidding for the remains in order to secure an all-winter's job in ascertaining what the old stone thing died of.—*Brooklyn Union-Argus.*

HAS MYTHOLOGY NO RIGHTS THAT THE "HAWKEYE" IS BOUND TO RESPECT?

"Andromache," said *megas koruthiolos* Hector as he lifted the infant Astyanax to his well-greaved knee and searched his vest-pocket for a gum-drop, "Andromache, wilt listen?"

And the wife of the Trojan hero sat down on his plumed helmet with a look of ineffable tenderness and replied:

"Wilt."

"Then," said the vanquisher of Patroclus, "why is your name like the first experience of our little Astyanax with green apples?"

A puzzled look o'erspread the features of the fair Andromache, and she sweetly murmured: "I pass."

"Because," replied the Hellenic warrior and friend of Achilles, "because it—(here he placed Astyanax on the floor and cautiously retreated toward the open door)—because it ends in *achr.*"—*Hawkeye.*

SENATORS Blaine and Conkling stood before the clerk's desk, looking bright and happy, and talking animatedly. "Senator David Davis came up," says a dispatch to the *Tribune*, "and, putting an arm around each, stood there for several minutes, and until everybody on the floor and in the galleries had noticed the unusual and friendly meeting." It was very pathetic. Mr. Blaine was fooling with one of the buttons of Mr. Conkling's coat at the time, looking affectionately into his face, and involuntarily snuggling up to him. "Are you sure you forgive me?" he said timidly.

"Why, of course!" was the hearty response. "You timid little thing! I forgave you long since."

"Dear, dear!" remarked Mr. Blaine, clapping his hands; "this is so nice! I must write and tell aunty all about it."

"You refer to Gail Hamilton?" inquired Mr. Conkling, with some coldness.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Blaine. "Why do you speak so icily? Do you not like her?"

"I do not!" said Mr. Conkling, stoutly; "she talks too much. She gets out of her sphere. She annoys. I think nothing would give that woman greater pleasure than to scratch somebody."

There was a very noticeable coolness between the two; but at this moment the large and fatherly gentleman from Illinois came up, and, letting a tear drop, joined the hands of the two, and said, "Bless ye, my children."

"Is this a third party?" inquired Mr. Conkling, drawing himself up haughtily.

"No, dear," replied Mr. Blaine, looking roguish, "it is only a second—are we not one?"

"In that case," said Mr. Conkling, with dignity, "it's all right. You will excuse my apparent caution; but it is necessary just now for us to avoid all entangling alliances."

"Very well, dear," said Mr. Blaine, with gentle confidence; "You know best, I am sure."

And the Christmas sun was shining brightly and the Christmas bells were ringing far and near.—*Rochester Dem.*

AN Irishman, fresh from the old country, saw a turtle for the first time and at once made up his mind to capture it. The turtle caught him by the finger, and he, holding it at arm's length, said, "Faith, and ye had better let loose the howit ye have, or I'll kick ye out of the very box ye sit in, be jabers."—*Stray Squib.*

"I SEND you up for two weeks," remarked the judge, looked at a seedy tramp before him.

"Thank you, Judge," replied the tramp, "that just suits me. I've got an engagement out in Chicago three weeks from to-day, and this'll just give me time to keep it."—*Commercial Catlin.*

"Now," sobbed a devout North Carolina fisherman, as a passenger packet came crushing ashore in the storm and darkness, "Now," he exclaimed, raising his hands to heaven and falling on his knees, "now, thank heaven, my wife and daughters can have good clothes and jewelry to wear to church."—*Hawkeye*.

THE voice of the starlit cat never sounds to better advantage than in these frosty, clear and silent winter nights. Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish a prolonged note on the upper register from the closing wail of a trumpet solo. The cat lasts longer and has a trifle more power, and will step quicker for a brick than the trumpet will, that is all the difference.—*Unidentified Paraphraser*.

POOR young thing! She fainted away at the wash-tub, and her pretty nose went kerstop into the soap-suds. Some said it was overwork; others, however, whispered that her beau had peeped over the back fence and called out: "Hullo there, Bridget, is Miss Alice at home?"—*Stray Paragraph*.

IN olden times, when people heard
Some swindler huge had come to grief,
They used a good old Saxon word,
And called that man "a thief."

But language such as that, to-day,
Upon too many's feelings grates.
So people smile and simply say,
"He——re-hypothecates."

—*Commercial Advertiser*.

THE late Mrs. Gen. Hooker, then Miss Groesbeck of Cincinnati, was once at an evening-party in that city, when a young dandy was asked if he would like to be presented to her. "Oh, yes," said he languidly, "trot her out." The lady overheard the remark, and when he was presented she adjusted her eye-glasses deliberately and closely scanned his clothing from hoof to collar. The survey finished, she waved her hand carelessly and said: "Trot him back; I have seen all there is of him."—*Newspaper Waif*.

SCENE in a private box of a fashionable theatre—Enter servant considerably excited: "If you please, mistress, your husband has just had a bad fall, and the doctor thinks he has sustained serious injuries to——" Loving wife: "What a pity! I shall have to go home at once and see to it. (Turning to the doorkeeper) Give me a return check, quick."—*Vindictive Ex*.

AS MY wife and I at the window one day
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by with "a broth of a boy,"
Who was driving a stout little donkey.
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,
"There's a relation of yours in that carriage."
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
"Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage."

—*Hidden Paragraph*.

HE started out at 10 o'clock, A. M., when he said, "I wish you a Happy New Year." At twelve he was saying, "Wish ye Happy New Year." At two, P. M., it was "Wishshappy New Year." At four, "Sh shappy Newyer." At six, "Shappynewer," at eight, "Nappyshewer," and at ten, thrusting his night-key in his mouth, and vainly endeavoring to let himself in at the front door with his cigar, he turned to Jones, and said: "Splendid time makin' calls; sh'new'r, ole fellow; 'n many turns day."—*Argus*.

OH, isn't it nice to sit by the warm fireside these chill winter evenings and hear the mournful hyperborean blasts whistle dolorously down the chimney-flue, while the snow drifts in great white piles against the sides of the house and the jingle of sleigh-bells is heard upon the frosty air, and the hired girl burns 2000 feet of gas in the kitchen by the hour!—*St. Louis Journal*.

AN old poet said, "a low soft voice was an excellent thing in woman." Yes, it probably is, but of what account is it when she suddenly has occasion to call her oldest son off the top of the house, shout after the departing milkman, shoo a cow out of the garden, shriek down into the cellar that the baby had fallen into the cistern, and howl "fire" for her neighbor's blazing barn, all at the same time?

THE other night a gentleman who lives out on West Hill, went home in a condition, and several times fell down on his head, greatly to the detriment of his silk hat, which came out of the series of accidents looking like a concertina with hair on. He threw it away, of course, but the next day he met his wife on the street, wearing that identical hat, pinned up at the side, elaborately trimmed, and the envy of every woman she met.

A PAINTER once a store did keep,
And he was quite a joker;
For when he foand his girl asleep,
He with a yellow ochre.

—*Hackensack Republican*.

THE Secretary of the Treasury announces that "the public debt statement will not be issued until the 2d of January, instead of on the 1st, as usual." This is a crushing disappointment to our readers, but never mind, there will be enough private debt statements sent around by the 1st to satisfy the most of you, and if you don't get what you think is your share, come down to the sanctum and we'll let you look at some of ours.—*Hawkeye*.

Take, O, take that bill away,
That, alas! long since was due!
Call again some other day,
When the trees do bud anew—
Mebbe, dimly distant spring
Some financial change will bring.

—*St. Louis Journal*.

Stick ye close, young washer maid—
Budge ye not an inch to-day;
Other souls have watched and prayed
While the years have sped away:
Neither give the lad his things
Till he forth the quarter brings.

—*Derrick*.



In Memoriam Brigham Young.

To supply the demand for the above-named illustration, depicting the "Mormon's Empty Pillow," and owing to the fact that the edition of "PUCK" containing it has been entirely exhausted, the cartoon has been published as a single sheet, and can be obtained from any newsdealer in the country.

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